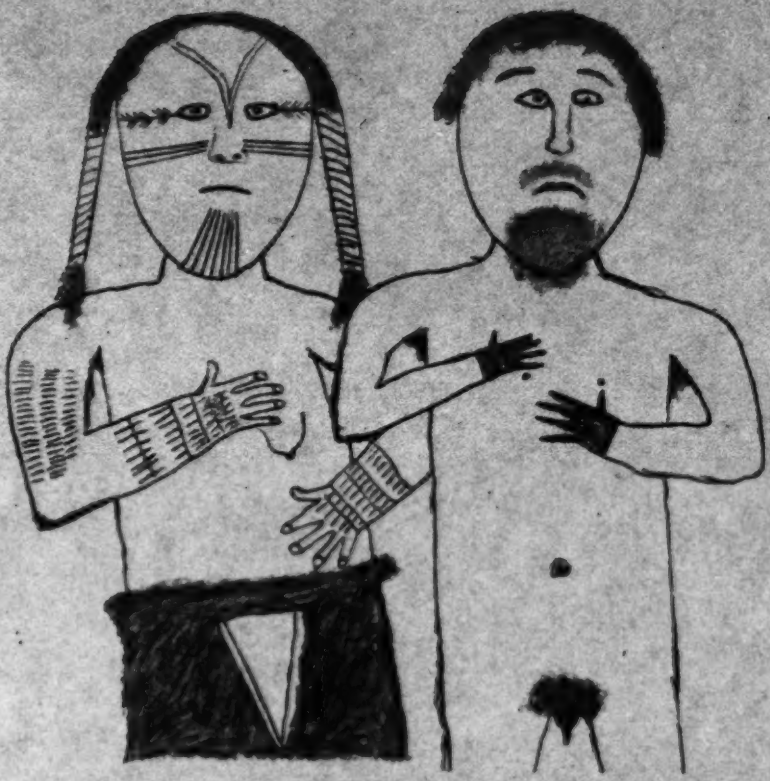
3: Rasmussen--opposite 269 (c. 1923) 1932 Copper Eskimo
116, 151, 304, 844



Man and woman, drawn by Netsit.

Only the women are tattooed, never the men. It is always the same patterns that are used, and they have the following names: Lines on the forehead: qaujât, i. e. "brow lines". At the eyes: e'nitit i. e. "those at the eyes". uluagutit: "those at the cheeks". tavlɔrutit: "those at the chin". algʌrutit: "those on the hands". akhâkrɔrutit: "those on the upper arm". — Of the necessity of tattooing to women they say: ulɔriana'lʌq atɔrniʌrpa' kakinʌqʌrume, nutʌ́rqinialʌrume: If one is afraid of being tattooed one will have much worse pains when the child is coming. In other words: tattooing makes for easy childbirth.

7: Jenness--B43 (1914-16) 1923 Copper Eskimo
116, 151, 751, 821

"No tests were made of the vision. In general it seemed good, though probably no better than that of white people living a similar life in the open air. The natives are quick at detecting objects at a distance, such as caribou on a hill-slope or a seal far out on the ice. From this one is very apt to imagine that their sight must be remarkably keen, but the fact really is that from infancy upward they are trained to scan the horizon for game and to detect every little irregularity or unusual appearance. The men take care to wear snow-goggles continually in the spring of the year, but some of the women never trouble about them. One elderly woman who had rather keener vision than usual told me that she never used snow-goggles and had never suffered from snow-blindness."

29: Jenness E-5 (1914-1916) 1959
ND8 Copper Eskimo ND8

summer the deep tanning of their skin masked its uncleanliness. It was easy to discover one reason for the peculiar atmosphere of an Eskimo throng. The odour was really a composite one, the smell of fur clothing mingling with the distinctively human odour that characterizes all races, but differs in each one. Neither Eskimo society nor our own ever discusses this topic, although Icehouse once confessed to me in private that her people had found the odour of the white man very disagreeable. However that may be, my bathing, being purely voluntary, certainly excited much interest, and when I stole away to the pool for the second bath, Ikpuck notified the whole party. Innocently devoid of clothes, I was disporting gaily in the water when the sound of voices made me look up. Men, women, and children lined the bank above me, intently watching the exhibition. None of them knew how to swim, or even that it was possible, and they gasped with admiration when I dived out of sight and reappeared a few yards away. *Honi soit qui mal y pense.* Ikpuck, The Runner, and even the latter's wife stripped off their clothes immediately and joined me in the water, eager to receive a first lesson in the newly discovered art.

We were now so close to our caches on the coast that my companions decided to deposit there, before turning westward, the small quantity of dried fish they were carrying against emergencies. The visit enabled